LE SALON

Lowering my pants
before another mouth;
the cheap movie reel
rattles in its compartment
while the silent color movie
for a quarter
grinds around and around.
We pant in a dark booth.
The musk of hair
burns our nostrils.
I moan as his mouth
swallows me.
This is the first sound
in this silent movie.
Then he moans
giving the movie
its dialogue.